Miracles of Proof, A. D. 30-100.

BY J. DENOVAN.

PART I.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," sings the Bard of Avon. In religious affairs this is at present remarkably true. Set in motion by the mighty under-currents of theories suggested by the doctrines of Evolution and Human Moral Consciousness, and impelled by the fitful breezes of captious, presumptuous and irreverent rationalistic Criticism, there is a strong tide setting in against those simple, direct historical Evidences of our most holy faith which satisfied our sturdy and godly forefathers, and made them strong enough—brave enough—to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," the hardness of persecution and even of martyrdom.

May I, therefore, be favored with room in your journal, Mr. Editor, for a few plain papers dealing with the momentous question suggested by two such passages of Scripture as these: "This thing was not done in a corner." "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation, which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him; God also bearing them witness both with signs and wonders and with divers miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost." Thus the first disciples of Jesus Christ defended their position, and demanded the faith of their hearers in their testimony. They appealed to the sign-manual of God impressed upon the doctrine they taught by the stamp of miracle.

These apostolic miracles, I cannot but believe, are the sign-manual of God to us, authenticating the divinity, and so the absolute truthfulness and authority, of the gospel of Christ.

But what is a true miracle? The reader will have been, we all know, many startling phenomena produced by chemical skill and by adroit manipulation which have, in the estimation of some, seriously discredited the miracles of the New Testament. There has been also a species of miracles (performances apparently supernatural) wrought by wicked persons in co-operation with Satan and familiar spirits—such as those sudden disasters which ruined the home and health of Job, such as the raising of the prophet by the witch of Endor, such as the transforming of the rods of the Egyptian magicians into serpents before Pharaoh, along with which may be classed the remarkable though equivocal utterances of the more famous ancient heathen oracles. We have all heard of the claim made by our Roman Catholic neighbors to the miracle-working powers of their church. Miracles, such as the flight of the Virgin's house from Nazareth to Loretto, the winking pictures and weeping images of the saints, the blood of St. Januarius contained in a vial at Naples, which, in response to certain priestly incantations, is *miraculously* liquified on a certain day every year, before a vast crowd of admiring devotees, —"miracles" of this kind have been common for centuries. Some of us, likewise, may have been amazed at the unaccountable and apparently supernatural changes and transpositions we have seen wrought by what is called natural magic, by Chinese and Indian jugglers. But can the miracles of Jesus and His apostles, those mighty signs and wonders recorded in the New Testament, be even for a moment confounded with such displays of darkness and singular sleight-of-hand? Those miracles claimed by primitive Christianity "*were not done in a corner*"—in secret places, by experts in chemical science, with expensive and intricate apparatus, in the dim religious light of cathedral or grotto or special platform, with all the accessories of doors and traps, tables and baskets, of stage and curtains; but, on the contrary, they were performed by plain, unsophisticated men, reared amid the simplicity of rural environments from their youth, and in open day and on the public highway, and before thousands of people and upon well-known people, people who were both before and after the miracle resident in the community. For instance: See that man on a bright Sabbath day carrying his bed through the streets of Jerusalem, astonishing and horrifying every Jew he passes by his "unlawful" conduct. As everybody knows, "for eighty and eight weary years" that same man, lay by the pool of Bethesda a helpless paralytic, barely able to crawl. Stop him and ask, "Why carriest thou thy bed?" and the ready reply he gives you is what he has given others already, "He who made me whole said unto me, Take up thy bed and go home." There can be no doubt whatever the man has been miraculously cured of chronic helpless paralysis. By whom and how was this marvellous cure performed?

Here we have another man quite as well known by the people among whom he dwells, standing surrounded by some Pharisees who are pressing him hard with questions such as these: "What sayest thou that He hath opened thine eyes? How and when opened He thine eyes?" To these inquiries the man coolly answers, repeating his answer, then once: "A man called Jesus made clay and anointed mine eyes and told me to go to the pool of Siloam and wash. And I went and washed, and came back seeing, and this was done last Sabbath day." "That man Jesus," they reply, "must be a great sinner when He could venture to break the fourth commandment by deliberate clay making." "Whether He be a sinner, or no, I know not," rejoins the man. "One thing I do know, whereas I was blind—born blind—now I see." What argument could be plainer or more unanswerable? But these redoubtable defenders of the faith won't believe the man's statements, but, having sent for his parents, they demand, "Is this your son whom ye say was born blind? How doth he now see?" "This is our son," both father and mother reply. "This is our son, we know; and that he was born blind, we know; but how he came to see or who made him see, we do not know; he is of age, ask himself."

In Capernaum there is a young lady living, the only daughter of Jairus; in the town of Nain a widow has an only son; in the village of Bethany Mary may be seen walking with her only brother sometimes. Everybody in Capernaum and Nain and Bethany knows that Jesus of Nazareth can raise the dead.

About simple and direct supernatural achievements such as these there can be no deception. They are not dependent on any optical illusion produced by the skilful arrangements of uncertain lights and accommodating shadows. There is no collusion or tacit understanding amongst the actors, no artistic or scientific manipulation, no peeping or muttering of cabalistic formulæ, no monkish fanaticism or priestly quackery, none of the gross and impudent effrontery of Mormonism, none of the wretched and profane foolery of interviews with dead relations through table rapping. In marked contrast with all such impostures and vagaries and delusions all the miracles recorded in the Scriptures of the New Testament are open all round to public inspection, they are visible and tangible, substantial, useful, permanent, beneficent works—works worthy of God—demonstrative evidence that the Almighty God of nature is the Father of Jesus Christ and is responsible for the message He brings.

No such miracles as these, so far as my knowledge of religious history extends, were ever performed to accredit any religion save the Christianity of the New Testament. Can any of our infidel friends enlarge my stock of knowledge in this direction?

In considering this subject it must never be forgotten what a broad distinction there is between prodigies like these claimed by the church of Rome, performed for the purpose of exciting the religious enthusiasm (when *e. g.*, funds for the erection of a cathedral are scarce) of a people already devoutly *predisposed* and decidedly prejudiced toward their ancestral and national faith; and miraculous works like those narrated in the Scriptures, wrought for the purpose of *authenticating and introducing* a new religion amongst a people *strongly opposed to the innovation*. I doubt if sufficient weight has ever been given to this consideration. It is an easy thing, I imagine, for talented manipulators to make common people believe in wonders wrought to confirm a dominant superstition, around which has clung their faith for generations with unquestioning tenacity, and under the shadow of which repose domestic and social institutions with all their historical associations; but it is not possible for a few poor men like the apostles of Jesus, with rough and clumsy fingers, in broad sunlight and on the common highway or open sea-shore, with a promiscuous unsympathizing and suspicious multitude crowding around them, both behind and before, to work false miracles, and more especially when that multitude are intensely hostile to the doctrines such miracles are intended to authenticate and enforce. Suppose any collusion between the Lord Jesus and His disciples had been noticed by the crowds collected around them, suppose any flaw could have been detected in the miracle itself, suppose any peculiar apparatus or cleverly concealed manipulation had been employed in the performance; were there not a thousand keen eyes ready, all eagerly ready to detect the deception? Were there not a thousand strong hands ready to avenge the insult? Of all mobs a Jewish mob was a dangerous force to rouse, and how readily would it have flashed into ungovernable fury, under the impression that Christ's miracles were unreal—were deliberate impositions.

It was in such unfavorable circumstances—it was in the light of such severe and sleepless vigilance on the part of thousands, the miracles of Jesus and His apostles were not once questioned as genuine. Everywhere people accepted them as the seal of heaven to the doctrines taught. Against the strongest prejudices, against their own early training and deepest religious prejudices, against their own tastes and feelings and temporal interests, even at the sacrifice of reputation and life, thousands of Jews and Gentiles believed Jesus and His disciples as holding credentials direct from the God of heaven and earth. In short, they were not able to resist the truth, substantiated by reiterated and irrefragable miracle.

However much we may be indebted to learned men who elaborate secondary arguments in support of Christianity, this is and ever must be the primary and fundamental evidence, the miraculous works of Jesus Christ prove His divine mission and authority. Indeed, the case stands to-day exactly where it stood in the days of Jesus Christ. From his prison John Baptist commissioned two of his disciples to carry to Jesus the question, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" To this question here is the Lord's answer, "Go your way and tell John what things ye have seen and heard, how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached. And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me." Here rests forever the evidence that Jesus Christ is the only begotten Son of God, that His statements are the very word of God, that His work and sufferings are infinitely and eternally sufficient.

We believe that it is exactly true that such men as Charles H. Spurgeon, Dwight L. Moody, and John E. Clough, humanly speaking, owe no small part of their success as religious leaders to their remarkable executive talents. Either one of them in practical affairs has showed grasp of details united with a comprehensive view of large relations, and an organizing faculty that would have made him a merchant prince, a great railroad manager, or an eminent civil ruler. In saying this, we do not disparage their remarkable spiritual power, but their spiritual power has been so effective because it has been brought to bear upon the life of the age with such consummate ability. Great religious leaders are not made by the sacrifice of inefficient merchants or mechanics or professional men, to the work of preaching the Gospel, but by the devotion of talents that would have won success anywhere to the service of Jesus Christ.—*Watchman.*

— It is no other than the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world who was locked in the suppliant Jacob's arms. We, therefore, who stand in the sunlight of a Saviour's sacrifice, with fuller warrant, freer privileges, and richer promises, have a vastly wider range of prayer.—*Dr. M'Gavin.*

Carey Centennial Celebration.

A report of meetings held in the Jarvis street church, Toronto, on Feb. 16 and 17.

BY REV. W. H. CLINE.

The conference was one of a series of meetings that are being held throughout the province in connection with the Carey centennial. It owed its inception to the Foreign Mission Board, and Rev. S. S. Bates, chairman of the Board, presided. Three sessions were held each day. The essays and addresses afforded a panoramic view of the progress of missions from the days of the apostles down to the present time. The conference was opened each day with a half-hour prayer-meeting, then followed an exposition of a selected portion of Scripture, after which came the papers and addresses on themes selected by the Board. The committee were fortunate in securing the service of Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester, and Rev. J. L. Campbell, of New York, both former secretaries of the Board. Tuesday morning Rev. F. T. Tapscott, of Hamilton, led the prayer-meeting. Then Rev. W. Prosser gave a spirited exposition of Mark 1: 38, and John 17: 18. Jesus was a model missionary. He received power and authority from heaven; every act was ennobled by His Spirit; He wrought with devotion and devotedness; He combined personal, united and aggressive efforts, and claimed the whole world as His field. Rev. J. J. Baker, M. A., of Walkerton, drew "Lessons from the Missionary Work of the Apostles." The apostles were full of the Holy Ghost; they realized the presence of Christ; they were sensitive to the divine leading; they were well qualified and thoroughly trained for their mission. Their method was to preach the Gospel; to plant churches and set pastors over them, in all the centres of population and influence. They depended, not upon educational methods, nor upon the establishment of Christian communities, but upon the Gospel, to reach all classes. And they preached the Gospel, not as a witness simply, but that men might believe and be saved. Rev. W. J. McKay, B. A., of West Toronto Junction, read an able paper on Mediæval Missions, directing attention to the labors of such men as Augustine, Columba, St. Patrick, Columbanus and Boniface, who sought with much zeal and courage to evangelize benighted Europe.

Tuesday afternoon Prof. Newman, of McMaster University, delivered an instructive address upon "The Antecedents of the English Baptist Missionary Movement." Dr. Newman pointed to the Waldenses, the Bohemian and Moravian brethren, Count Zinzendorf and Wesley, all of whom aided in preparing the way for Carey and modern missions.

Rev. D. G. McDonald, of Stratford, the present secretary of the F. M. Board, spoke of "Bed-Rocks in Foreign Missions." These he designated Revelation, Consecration, Information and Supplication. These four words became quite proverbial in the subsequent discussion.

"Woman's Work in India" was the topic of a short paper by Mrs. J. T. Booker, formerly Mrs. Timpany. The success of woman's work is its credential. No one can so easily read the heart and win the confidence of heathen women as a warm-hearted Christian woman. If God has given women the ability, the desire to help in this work is not unwomanly.

Rev. J. L. Campbell, B. A., spoke of "Foundation Work in the Field, and the kind of men to do it." The aim of foreign missions is the proper establishment of Christianity in heathen lands. The early Christians never tarried for the entire evangelization of a city or country before pushing on to new fields. As soon as the churches were able to take care of themselves and do their own work, the apostles pressed on to other places. The very best men the churches contain are the men needed for this foundation work. Poorly-equipped men cost more, will require more time to master the language, and will make but a feeble impression upon the heathen character. Missionaries should be men of moral and spiritual worth, and men who hold clear and positive views of scripture truth. Quite an animated discussion followed this paper, and convictions were freely expressed that while a variety of men may be required, the best available are none too good for the foreign work.

Tuesday evening, an oil portrait of Carey, the work of our rising artist—Charles Hatch, of Woodstock—was unveiled and presented to the F. M. Board. The portrait was greatly admired, and will find an honored place in McMaster Hall. Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, B. A., then gave an elaborate and sympathetic sketch of the life and work of the distinguished missionary. Carey's early life as a shoemaker, teacher and preacher; his contemplation of the spiritual darkness of heathen lands; his rousing sermon that awakened his brethren to their duty; his embarkation for India when thirty-six years of age; his trials on landing there; his mastery of Oriental languages; his translation of the Bible into various dialects; his devotion and liberality to the cause; his persistency and success, were successively dealt with in a masterly manner. The address, which lasted an hour and a quarter, was listened to with rapt attention, and drew frequent bursts of applause from the audience.

On Wednesday morning Rev. H. G. Fraser, of Owen Sound, conducted the prayer meeting; after which Rev. E. W. Dadson, B. A., of Woodstock, gave a scholarly exposition of Acts 13: 1-3. The church at Antioch was described in three phases: First, with its organization incomplete; then in the act of completing its organization; and, finally, with its organization completed. Although the Antiochian church contained men of spiritual power and peerless scholarship, it was incomplete, because it had no channels through which its energies might flow to bless the world outside. It was comparable to a business house having well-stored warerooms, intelligent salesmen, but withal no connection with the business world outside. This church, however, proceeded to complete its organization. The brethren ministered to the Lord, gave themselves up to self-denial; when God made His presence known. The Holy Ghost said, "Separate unto Me Barnabas and Saul." The policy in many churches is "consolidate." The Lord said "separate." And the Lord chose Barnabas and Saul, probably the choicest spirits in all the church. Then the organization of the church was completed by the appointment of these chosen representatives to go to the regions beyond. They laid their hands on them, thus signifying the impartation of the heart and life of the church to these messengers who were to carry the thought and spirit of the church wherever they went. Church organization extends to the limit of church possibility, and that possibility, in some fashion, includes separation to, and representation in the regions lying beyond.

Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, B. A., traced in an interesting manner "The Beginnings of the American Baptist Mission." The primary source of this, as of all missionary effort, was the Gospel. God is the author of missionary work. Among secondary sources of the movement in America were mentioned: the organization of English Baptists; the landing on these shores of English missionaries, who, being prevented from sailing to India from England, first crossed the Atlantic, and then embarked for the East on American vessels; and finally the conversion to Baptist principles of Adoniram Judson and Luther Rice. Mr. Judson wrote to Dr. Baldwin, of Boston, acquainting him with the change in his convictions, and added: "Should there be found a Baptist society for the support of a mission in these parts I should be ready to consider myself their missionary." This thrilling intelligence aroused and united the Baptists of America. A society was at once formed in Boston "for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts." Other societies sprang up in other states, and in 1814 the National Association was organized in Philadelphia. In 1845 the Baptists of the South withdrew and formed the Southern Baptist Convention, through which they still operate. The present annual income of the Union is half a million dollars. The mustard seed has become a tree.

"Money and Missions" was the next topic, and Rev. A. T. Sowerby, of Aylmer, was the speaker. All things considered, the success of the Gospel depends upon the liberality of the Christian church. More money is annually spent in useless and hurtful indulgences than in the effort to save a lost world. Giving should be voluntary, and according as the Lord has prospered us.

Wednesday afternoon five brief addresses were delivered on "The Local Church's F. M. Work." Rev. D. M. Mihill, Ph. B., of Parkdale, spoke of the pastor's work. That is to give the people facts regarding missions, and to keep the facts always before the people.

Rev. D. Spencer, F. R. G. S., of St. Thomas, described the missionary prayer meeting. This should be held monthly; maps should be freely used; scraps of missionary intelligence read by various persons; an occasional debate would stimulate interest and inquiry; at the close, with bowed heads, let all pray, "What wilt thou have me to do?"

Rev. J. D. Freeman of Guelph inquired what can be done in the Sunday-school. We can teach missions, and we can encourage systematic giving. The superintendent should be a man who is in full sympathy with mission work.

Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M. A., of Bloor street, spoke of missions in the young people's meeting. The Young People's Society is not a substitute for the church, it is not a church within the church; it is a department of the church; or it is nothing, and worse than nothing. Its end is, not simply to promote acquaintance among the young people, nor to entertain, nor to cultivate art, music and literature; but to train the young people for service. The missionary motive should be kept close to the heart of the Young People's Society—first, in order to keep the society on its course; also, because the young people are in the moulding period of life; and further, because they are in the period when their choices are made.

Mrs. Dr. Newman championed the women's organizations. Female missionary societies date from the beginning of this century. American women were ahead of English women in this movement by several years. From the beginning of the missionary era woman has been ready to give, pray and work for the cause. Not till about twenty years ago, however, did woman's organizations assume anything like their present aggressive form and spirit. There are now 43 general societies, with 2,500 local circles.

At the close of these addresses, Prof. J. H. Farmer, in behalf of the F. M. Board, announced that a resolution had been passed by the Board asking the denomination for $10,000, as a Carey Centennial Fund, in addition to the ordinary expenditure of the year. After a spirited discussion, a resolution approving the action of the board was adopted by a standing vote. A few of the brethren thought steps ought to be taken with the view to opening a new mission in China, or elsewhere, but the opinion prevailed that the time for such action has not yet arrived.

The closing session of the conference was as good as any. Rev. Dr. Thomas occupied the chair. The first speaker was Rev. J. L. Campbell, who stirred the hearts of all present by his thrilling recital of "The History of our Canadian Baptist Mission." Twenty-five years ago six brethren met in the study of Rev. Jas. Mackie, of Beamsville, to confer on the missionary question, and this conference resulted in the formation of the Baptist Missionary Convention of Western Canada. The speaker briefly outlined the career of Rev. A. V. Timpany, our first missionary, whose heroic determination and burning zeal did much to incite and unite denominational action in the missionary enterprise. Then followed a thrilling account of the convention at Ingersoll in 1867, when Mr. Timpany was designated to the foreign field. In an address of marvellous power, Mr. Timpany poured forth the pent-up emotion of years. Dr. Davidson pledged the support of the denomination. Rev. John Bates, father of Mrs. Timpany, led the audience in prayer. Then contributions were called for to meet a small over-draft on the treasury. An indescribable scene ensued. From all parts of the house came donations and pledges. Many times the amount required was given, and still the people persisted in contributing. Under the influence of that hour, men long estranged were reconciled and fell upon each other's necks and wept like boys. It was midnight before the audience could be dismissed. That was the day of Pentecost for the Baptists of Upper Canada. The denomination that had existed simply in a fragmentary state became solidified and began to make its power felt. Mr. Campbell recounted the visit he, as secretary of the F. M. Board, paid to the Maritime Baptists assembled in convention at Amherst, and the steps taken looking to a union of Baptists East and West in the work of missions. He eulogized those noble men and women who have followed Timpany to the foreign field, and also paid a glowing tribute to the fathers and brethren who gave life and direction to the operations of the missionary society at home. And further, he referred to the way in which God has led His people on, and affirmed that the way to develop strength is to assume burdens. The watchword now should be such as was given by General Grant to his officers, "Advance in solid column early in the morning."

The closing address of the conference was given by Prof. Trotter, of McMaster University, who directed attention to "Our Present Missionary Problem." There is the Telugu field, 250 by 40 miles in extent, containing a population of 3,100,000. God has pre-empted this section of the larger field for Canadian Baptists to evangelize. That means a million and a half of people for the Baptists of Western Canada. How shall this mass of people be evangelized? that is the problem. We have ten ordained missionaries and six native pastors on the field—one active missionary to two hundred thousand people. Those on the field ask for an increase in the staff so that there may be one missionary to every 50,000 people. To do this demands three things of us. We have yet to send out twenty missionaries. This is not impossible. Men are offering for this service. Seven of the students now in our university are in the students' volunteer movement, and will be ready when called to go. The second demand is money. We raised last year $27,000. We shall need to raise $75,000 annually. That would be only two dollars and a quarter per member. The Moravians gave on an average $15 per member and kept it up for years. The third demand is a deeper and fuller spiritual life in our churches. We need salvation from selfishness. We dare not go backward in our work; we cannot stand still, we must go forward. "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God."

Thus the conference was concluded. All in attendance were aroused to a deeper and more abiding interest in this great work of the church of Christ.

Brethren came from London and St. Thomas on the west, Owen Sound and Collingwood on the north, and Kemptville on the east, so that the influence of the meetings will be carried in all directions throughout the province.

Monday Musings.

I met a physician the other day who seemed ill, and upon inquiry I learned that he had been suffering from an attack of the prevalent influenza. So, thinking to get some advice from him on an economical plan, I asked him what he took for it. "Nothing," said he, "I never take medicine." "But," I replied, "you give plenty of it to your patients, do you not?" "Yes," said he, "just as you ministers give us fellows lots of stuff you don't take yourselves. You folks remind me of a sign-post at the cross-roads back East, which shows others the way to go, but never walks that way itself." About that time I remembered that my real errand out was to take some letters to the post-office, and that I must hurry. As I went I kept wondering, "Did he mean it, or didn't he?" We are such a race of linguistic boxers, it is difficult to know when one is hit whether it was in jest or earnest. I should be sorry to think that he meant it all, yet he seemed to mean some of it. And perhaps some of it was true, or seemed so to him.

I notice in a recent religious newspaper, in the paragraph headed "Resignations," as many as three instances of "withdraws his resignation." Three withdrawals announced in one week's issue! But why, then, were these resignations offered? I cannot answer, for I do not know the circumstances. But I feel like saying on the spur of the moment that "someone has blundered." Surely a different understanding must exist in these churches now than a few days ago when these resignations were offered, and could it not have been better reached in some less public way? I have always dreaded a necessity for resigning, and have never done it if I could avoid it. But it seems to me I should dread recalling it even more. For it is not a thing to be used as a weapon to bring a church to terms; and it is not a move to make in a moment of distemper or discouragement. As a call to a church is of God, so a call from it is of God, and it seems to me we should be very sure of either before we move officially. In talking with two revered pastors recently, both now out of the pastorate, one of them said, "If I had not resigned when I did I believe I would not do it now," and the other, "I have often thought things were disposing themselves to remove us, but my wife and I decided to give at least a year's trial to the case before we resigned, and we have always found that a change for the better came before long." This testimony came from a pastor who was in one church for over forty years, and I think reveals wisdom for us all.—*Baronald, in the Advance.*

— J. Van Buskirk, Bear River, N. S., writes: "I have great pleasure in testifying to the good effect which I have experienced from the use of K. D. C. I have suffered from dyspepsia in its worst form for over twenty years. Have consulted a number of physicians but could obtain no relief. Also tried a number of patent medicines with same effect; after which I commenced to take K. D. C., and am happy to state that I am almost perfectly well. I hope your great remedy may become universally known.

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"Would they put her in the
she wondered, "if they caught
Folks would surely think
crazy."

She stopped at the stone wa
and looked back timorously a
familiar scene.

Far behind her stretched the
a symphony of olive and gre
late fall. Here and there the
boulder stood soldierly golde
berry bushes clothed now in sc
gold. At intervals in the l
stood solitary trees, where
leaves fell in the gentle chill
summer time she remembere
hay-makers rested in the shade
jug with ginger water she mad
men was kept there to be cool.

She seemed, as she sat th
member everything. The he
all right, she was sure of that;
was under the kitchen-door ma
was out in the stove, and the c
in the barn.

She held her work-hardene
her side, panting a little, for
good bit of a walk across the
and she was eighty years old o
birthday. The cows feedin
pleasant and home-like.

"Good-bye, critters," she sa
"meny's the time I've druv' ye
milked ye, an' I allus let ye e
way, nor never hurried ye as
done."

With a farewell glance she
again, smoothing as she w
scattered locks of grey hair fall
the pumpkin hood, and kee
black scant gown out of the res
briars. Across another field, the
a leafy lane where the wood w
in winter, then out through a
stump fence, with its great
arms like a petrified octop
dusty high road.

Not a soul in sight in the co
light. John, the children and
ing wife who made her so
would not be home for an hou
East Mills was a long drive.

Down the steep hill went
little figure, followed by an od
of itself in the waning light, a
tiny stones that rolled so sw
passed her often and made her
hind with a start to see if
were coming.

"They'd put me in the asylu
she muttered, wildly, as she
along.

At the foot of the hill she
upon an old log and waited for

Across the road, guarded by
"Look out for the engine," ra
allel iron rails, that were to be
when the big monster should c
ing around the curve.

At last the dull rumble s
shrill whistle, and she hurri
track, waving her shawl to sig

This, in the conductors' v
was a cross-roads station, whe
used to watch for people wavi
frantically. The train stoppe
passenger was taken aboard.
she was a bright-eyed old lady,
and precise.

"How fur?" he asked.

"Bostin."

"Git there in the mornin',
kindly, waiting for the mone
opened a queer little reticule,
der her knitting, wrapped in a
ton handkerchief, was her p
her savings of long years—the
Sam had sent her when he fir
prosper in the West, and som
she had earned herself by kn
berry-picking.

At a cross road, as they we
on, she saw the old sorrel hors
tling wagon, and John with
driving homeward. She drew
a little cry, fearing he might s
stop the train, but they went
that could not be, and the old
ged into the woods, and Jo
thought his old Aunt Ha
charge for twenty long years,
ning away.

At Boston a kindly conduct
her a through ticket for Denv

"It's a long journey for an ol
you," he said.

"But I'm peart for my age,"
anxiously; "I never had a da
ness since I was a gal."

"Going all the way alone?"

"With Providence," she
brightly, alert and eager to he
but silent and thoughtful as
took her into strange landsc
the miles where the landscap
swiftly it seemed like the pa
her life as she looked back on

"By works are marvelous,"
mured often, sitting with her
ed, and few idle days had the
her world where she had sat
so long.

In the day coach the people
and generous, sharing their ba
her and seeing she changed
and her carpet-bag was safe.
like any of the dear old gr
Eastern homes, or to grizzled
women, like the memory o
mother as faint and far away a
of wild roses in a hillside cou
ing-ground. She tended babie
women and talked to the men
and crops, or told the chil
stories; but never a word she s
self, not one.

On again, guided by kin
through the great bewilderi
the lake, and now through yet
land. Tired and worn by ni
uncomfortable seats, her brav
gan to fail a little. As the
plains, lonely and drear, dawn
sight she sighed often.

"It's a dre'ful big world," sh
gray-bearded old farmer ne
big I feel e'enmost lost in it,
fully, "across them deserts lik
ago Providence sent a star to
wise men of the East, an' I
my faith."

But as the day wore on, a
long, monotonous land sho
man habitation, no oasis of
eyes dimmed, something lik
under the black kerchief on
shoulders, and the spectacles
off with trembling hand an
carefully in the worn tin cas

"Be ye goin' fur, mother?"
farmer.

He had bought her a cup
the last station, and had poi
the way things he thought
cat her.

"To Denver."